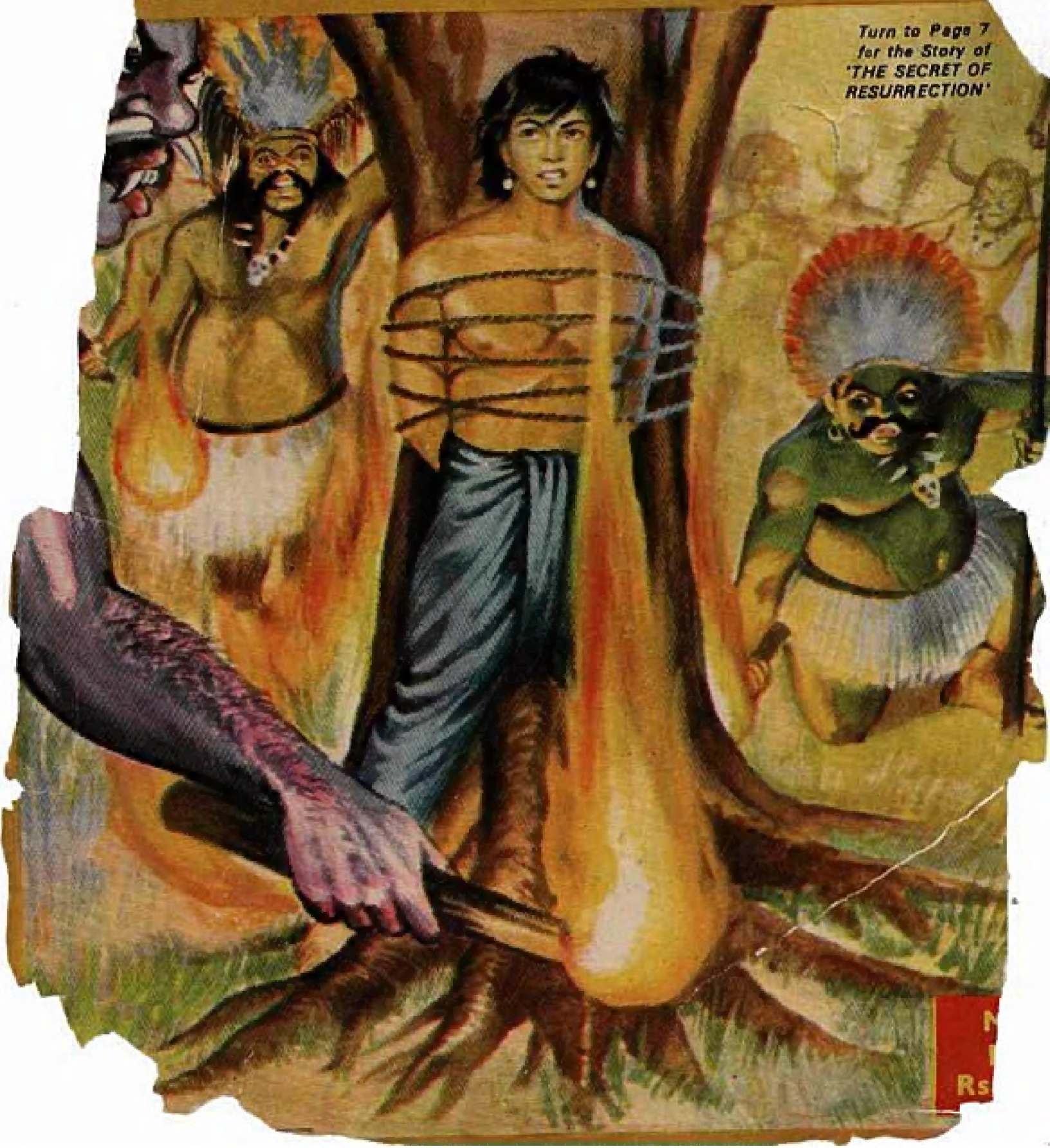


CHANDAMAMA

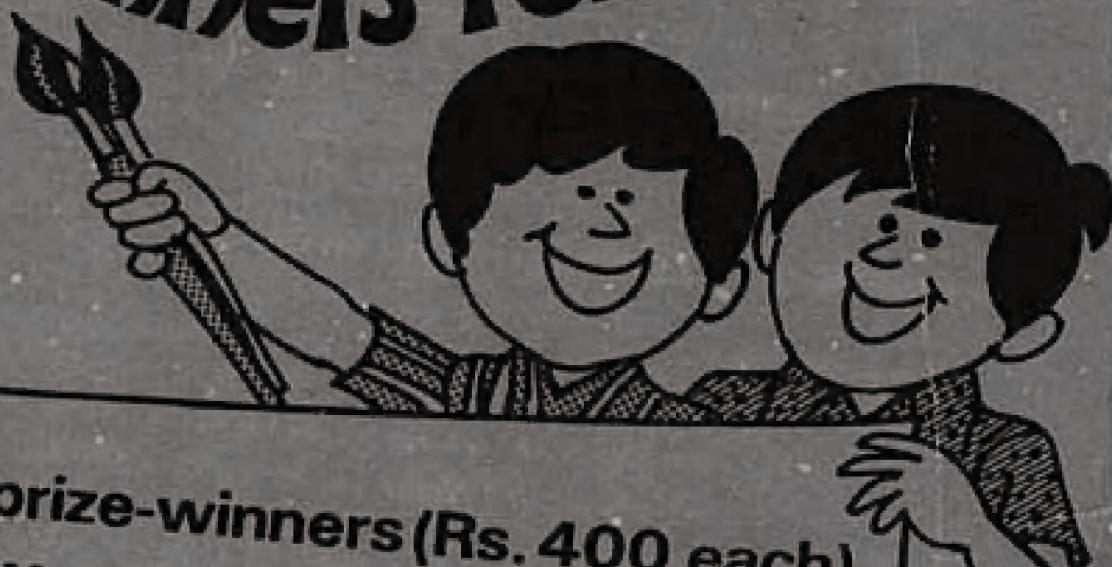
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for the Story of
'THE SECRET OF
RESURRECTION'



Rs

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Winners of the consolation prizes (Rs. 25 each) are being informed by post. All prizes will also be sent by post.

Parle congratulates all winners and thanks all entrants for making the contest a big success.

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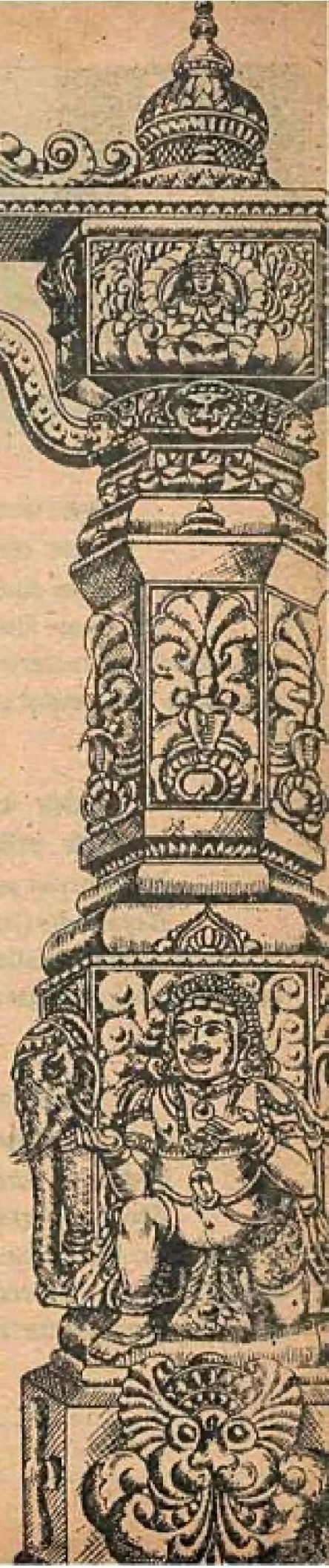
KNOWLEDGE ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

In Shakespeare's play, *The Tempest* (an outline of which is presented in this issue), we find a funny character, Caliban. He is the son of a witch. The wise Prospero took pains to educate him. And what do you think he did with his learning? Gleefully he declared, "You taught me language; and my profit on it is, I know how to curse."

This issue contains an Indian legend which too is a pointer in the same direction. The disciple of a sage learnt the secret of changing iron into gold. But his small mind did not allow him to profit by it. In fact he reduced his chance to a misfortune.

The truth that emerges from all this is quite clear: It is not enough to have knowledge. To make the right use of knowledge, there has to be the right kind of consciousness.

This truth has assumed far greater importance in our time. With the tremendous amount of knowledge—particularly scientific knowledge—at our disposal, we must know how to use it in the right way. If Caliban used his knowledge wrongly, it was to curse Prospero. If we use our knowledge wrongly, it will be a curse upon ourselves—the humanity.





GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

मुखं पद्मबलाकारं वाणी चन्दनशीतला ।

हृदयं कर्तरीतुल्यं त्रिविधं धूर्तलक्षणम् ॥

Mukham padmadalākāram vāṇī candanaśītalā

Hṛdayam kartarītulyam trividham dhūrtalakṣaṇam

The three characteristics of the knave are: face blooming like a lotus; speech soothing like sandal paste — but the heart as merciless as a pair of scissors.

— *Samayochita Padyamalika*

मूर्खस्य पञ्च चिह्नानि गर्वी दुर्वचनी तथा ।

हठी चाप्रियवादी च परोक्तं नैव मन्यते ॥

Murkhasya pañca cihnāni garvī durvacanī tathā

Haṭhī cāpriyavādī ca paroktam naiva manyate

The five characteristics of the fool are: pride, foul speech, obstinacy, lack of affection and disregard for others' sentiments.

— *Samayochita Padyamalika*

बोद्धारो मत्सरग्रस्ताः प्रभवः स्मयदूषिताः ।

अबोधोपहृताश्चान्ये जीर्णमङ्ग सुभाषितम् ॥

Boddhāro matsaragrastāḥ prabhavaḥ smayadūṣitāḥ

Abodhopahatāścānye jīrṇamaṅga subhāṣitam

Those who are learned are filled with jealousy, the rulers are degraded with arrogance; the rest are ignorant. Consequently the good advice I could give to the people are withering away within myself.

— *Bhartriharishatakatrāyam*

THE SECRET OF RESURRECTION

Long, long ago, once the gods and the demons fought a ferocious battle for mastery over the three worlds. The guru of the demons, Shukracharya, knew how to resurrect the demons who were killed in the battle. But the secret was not known to the gods.



Brihaspati, the guru of the gods, had a young son named Kacha who was a brilliant scholar. Gods sent him to Shukracharya. He was to manage to learn the secret of resurrection from the guru of the demons.



Shukracharya was pleased with his new student. More pleased was the guru's young daughter, Devayani. Kacha and Devayani became friends and playmates.



The guru's love for Kacha—and his daughter's too—made the demons extremely jealous of him. Soon they suspected that he had come to learn the secret lore of resurrection. They conspired to put an end to his life.

One day, while Kacha was tending his guru's cattle in the meadow, the demons suddenly attacked him and killed him. But the fact did not remain hidden from Devayani.



Devayani prayed to her father to resurrect her dear friend. Shukracharya was pleased to apply his power and bring Kacha back to life.

The demons conspired among themselves again and this time they captured Kacha and put fire to him. They collected his ashes and mixed them with a drink.



They served the drink to their guru, so that Kacha could never be resurrected. Ignorant of their motive, Shukracharya drank the stuff offered to him.

After the demons departed, Devayani came rushing to her father and informed him of the trick played upon him. Shukracharya realised that to bring Kacha back to life would result in his own death, for, Kacha has to emerge tearing his body.





Shukracharya addressed Kacha who was inside himself and first taught him the hymn of resurrection. Then he chanted the hymn wishing Kacha to emerge alive. His body burst open and Kacha came out, restored to his normal form.

Now that Kacha knew the hymn, he chanted it, wishing Shukracharya to be restored to life. So was Shukracharya resurrected.

Thus Kacha mastered the secret knowledge.



Kacha had to return to the gods now. Devayani, no doubt, loved him. But since he had to emerge from Shukracharya's body, he had in a sense become Shukracharya's son. Devayani was a sister to him. They could not marry!

Behind the magnificent building was a big tree. Under the tree sat a young man. He was in soiled and tattered robes and he looked quite famished. But his face bore the stamp of nobility and that did not escape the notice of an old man of the nearby building.

The old man called the beggarly youth, whose name was Ahmad, into his house. Upon inquiry, it was seen that Ahmad indeed came of a noble family. But as ill luck would have it,

he lost his parents and property almost overnight and now did not know what to do.

"My boy, as you can see, I am pretty old. In this wide world there is none whom I can claim my own. Yet, God has given me enough wealth and a fine mansion. If you so wish, you can live with me and forget your worries. All you have to do is to look after me," said the old man.

"Your words, O Master, sound to me like blessings com-



ing from heaven. I will consider myself extremely lucky to serve you," replied the young man.

"Good. But let me caution you on one point. You will never see me jolly. In fact, you will see me weeping at times. Never let curiosity get the better of you. Never ask me why I weep," warned the old man.

Although the condition seemed rather queer, Ahmad agreed to comply with it.

And, no doubt, he served the old man with great care and deep love, so much so that the old man came to look upon him as his son.

Days passed and the old man grew older. He was kind to all, but he never smiled. And a day did not pass when he did not weep for a while. Such conduct of the old man saddened Ahmad, but he asked no question about it, true to the condition to which he had agreed.

A year later the old man took to bed. After a few days he called Ahmad to his bedside and said, "My boy, my hours on the earth are numbered. I bequeath all my property to you. Live happily, but I warn you against doing one thing: There

is a flight of stairs under my bed leading into an underground room. That room has four doors one of which is painted black. Never should you open that door. If you do, you will lose all your happiness."

The old man's voice grew faint. Soon he breathed his last.

Ahmad duly performed the last rites of his departed master and gave his attention to bringing the household to order according to his own taste. The day he stood in the underground chamber and looked at the black door, he felt a surge of desire within him to open it. But he checked himself and opened one of the other three doors which led into another room filled with valuable things.

Next day he opened yet another door. After three days all that remained to be opened was the black door.

By and by his curiosity grew irresistible. "If I am cautious, no harm can befall me," he assured himself and after bolting all the doors of his house, he entered the underground chamber and opened the door.

Beyond the door was an open land, shrouded in mist. Ahmad walked into it. He

could hear the roar of the sea. But before he had seen anything else, a huge bird swooped down upon him and bore him away holding him tight in its claws.

Up and up rose the bird. Below it was the sea. It flew for an hour and descended on an island. Leaving Ahmad on the ground, it flew away and disappeared behind a hill.

Ahmad did not know what to do. Before him flowed a river. Soon he saw a beautiful boat sailing towards him. It stopped touching the shore and out came a number of charming young ladies.

"Be pleased to board the

boat. Our princess is waiting for you," they informed Ahmad, courtesying him again and again.

Ahmad followed them, almost enchanted.

The boat sailed smoothly into a lake. At the centre of the lake stood a wonderful castle. A hundred damsels bowed to Ahmad as he was led through the marble corridors, studded with many a precious stone.

He was soon ushered into the presence of the princess. Ahmad looked at her spell-bound, for, so much beauty he had never beholden.

The princess came forward and led him by her hand to the



throne. "My lord, I have waited for you for a long time. I am the ruler of this island. Now, be kind to marry me. Then you will be the king, and I, your queen," she said.

If Ahmad delayed a little in giving his consent, it was because he could not believe his ears. They were wedded the same night.

Ahmad was sure that there was no second man upon the earth as happy as himself. For him days passed as fast as hours and years as fast as months. There was not a moment when his wife was a little cool towards him; not a day passed

without some novel entertainment being presented to him. So far as ruling the island was concerned, it was carried on by his ministers.

One day, while strolling on the roof of the castle in the company of his wife, Ahmad happened to see a black door against a wall at one end of the roof.

"What is there beyond that door?" he asked.

The queen looked pale. "Never wish or try to know that," she whispered.

Ahmad kept quiet for the moment. But, at night, he felt restless. He remembered how



his dying master had forbidden him to open a black door. But had he any reason to repent having disobeyed the old man? Far from that! He would have been a fool if he would have continued to obey him. Who knows if there were no greater wonders behind the present black door too? Such thoughts inspired him to leave the bed at midnight and climb the roof stealthily.

He pushed open the door and stepped out into a terrace. All on a sudden the huge bird swooped down upon him and carried him away.

In a moment the island dis-

appeared from his sight. The bird flew over the sea and after an hour left him on a spot near a door. Ahmad opened the door and found himself stepping into the underground chamber of his own house.

He was most eager to return to his wife and the wonderful island. Several times he opened the black door, hoping that the bird would carry him off again. But he saw nothing behind the door but a wall.

Never did he smile again. Like his departed master, he too wept haunted by the memory of his lost happiness.





CERTIFICATE FOR HONESTY

Next to Harun-al-Raschid, the most famous among the Caliphs of Bagdad was Abdul Ajij. He was a highly intelligent ruler. At the same time he was kind and just.

A son was born to him rather at a late age. He was overjoyed. The city went festive. The poor were fed. Free entertainments were provided to the citizens.

But the Caliph wanted the happiness of the poorer folk of the city to be a bit more lasting. He decided to give them as gifts a bagful of flour each. Hundreds of the needy collected the bags as the Caliph himself watched the scene.

Among those who received

the gifts was a poor labourer. Back at home, when he opened the bag, he found in it a gold mohur.

"I must return the mohur to the Caliph," said the labourer.

"You are a fool if you are going to do so. If destiny has put a little money into our hands, we should have the common sense to use it," remarked his wife.

"It will be dishonest of me not to return this one to the Caliph, for, surely, he did not mean to give this to me," explained the labourer.

"Besides it is not proper to prattle about such profound truths as destiny without having deeply thought about them,"

he added a bit philosophically. "Suppose destiny has ordained that I get a gold mohur, then how can the caliph prevent me from acquiring what it has sanctioned! Therefore, no harm if I return the mohur!"

His wife was not satisfied, but she could not stop her husband from going his way.

Next morning the labourer placed the mohur before the Caliph and told him how he came to get it. The Caliph was immensely pleased with his honesty. He at once rewarded him with a hundred gold mohurs.

A rich merchant named Bashir came to know of the labourer's luck. He passed a sleepless night. In the morning he donned the dress of a poor man and carrying fifty gold mohurs to the Caliph.

said, "the bag of flour I received yesterday contained these mohurs."

The Caliph was amused. He surveyed the disguised merchant carefully. The merchant had put on tattered clothes all right, but he had forgotten to take out the diamond ring from his fingers.

The Caliph saw through the merchant's trick. "Your honesty should not go unacknowledged," said the Caliph. The merchant's face brightened up. He was sure that a reward of five thousand mohurs was going to be his.

But the Caliph turned to his Vizier and said, "Issue a certificate to this fellow, stating that he is honest."

The Vizier wrote it out immediately. The merchant accepted it in a hand trembling in utter frustration.



NAMADEVA

An elegantly dressed young man riding a smart horse appeared at the temple from time to time. A dazzling sword hung from his waist. He looked so grave that nobody dared to talk to him. The temple he visited was situated at Ambodhiya in Maharashtra.

He seemed to be always in a hurry. He would enter the temple and bow to the deity, lay down some offering and leave the place forthwith. If there were beggars on the way, he would hurl alms at them while galloping away.

"He is a prince," said some. And said others, "He is a wealthy merchant." However, there were a few who had an altogether different guess to make about him. But they chose to keep mum.

It was a moonlit night. The temple wore a deserted look. All except the priests and the temple servants had left.

All on a sudden the rider appeared at the door and hopped off his horse and entered the temple. He sat down before the deity. Calm and serene

was the atmosphere. The visitor seemed to be engrossed in meditation.

But a shrill cry outside the temple gave him a shake. Annoyed, he came out. The moonlight showed the face of a weeping woman trying to console her wailing child.

"How dare you disturb us at this hour of the night?" demanded the young man of the woman.

"I will not rest until I have disturbed God," replied the woman with courage and wrath.

The young man took a step backward. With a voice mellowed down, he asked, "What has upset you so much?"

The woman narrated her plight. She was from a family that was noble and wealthy. Her husband was a trusted officer of the king. They, in company of friends and relatives, were out on a pilgrimage. As they were wending their way through the nearby forest, a gang of dacoits swooped down upon them. The pilgrims not only lost whatever they were carrying, but also their lives —

if not all, most of them. The woman and her child escaped narrowly.

"Let God's curse fall on those merciless murderers who killed my husband and friends!" shouted the woman. Her words pierced the silence over a large area and echoed in the temple walls.

The young man looked pale as death and stood thunder-struck. Each word the woman uttered fell on him like a blow. Soon he began to shiver. His heart was filled with hatred for himself. He retreated into the temple. Before anybody could make a guess about his motive, he unsheathed his sword and tried to slash his neck with it.

But he had no strength to

fully succeed in his effort. He fell down, profusely bleeding and swooned away. The priests raised a hue and cry. He was carried into an adjoining inn. A physician attended upon him and his wound was healed in a few days.

But, although he did not die physically, his old self was dead. It was he who had been the leader of the gang that had killed the pilgrims. He and his gang had been a terror to the people of the area for years. However, something in him always felt a strong pull towards the temple. He got peace in the presence of the deity. Little did he know that his whole being was going to be conquered by the deity in due



time. The woman's tragic fate heralded that time.

As soon as he had mustered enough strength to walk, he left the inn in search of a guide who would lead him to God.

That his was a destiny of a devotee had been foretold even at his birth. He was born to a tailor named Damaseth in the village Narasingpur of Maharashtra. An old Brahmin astrologer had assured Damaseth that his son would bring spiritual light to many.

One can imagine the disappointment of the father when the son fell into evil company in his youth and turned an outlaw.

However, the astrologer's pre-

diction had at last begun to prove true. The young man soon arrived at Pandharpur, then a great seat of seekers and saints who gathered around Lord Vittal. Foremost among them was Jnaneshwara, the author of *Jnaneswari*.

It did not take long for the circle of devotees at Pandharpur to recognise in the young man one who at every breath uttered the *nama*—the Lord's name. He became known as Nama-deva.

"O Master, be kind enough to initiate this sinner," Nama-deva appealed to Jnaneshwara.

"One does not remain a sinner once one is dedicated to the Lord. A sincere utterance of



the Lord's name burns one's sin as a fire burns the dry leaves," assured Jnaneshwara. "But so far as initiation goes, it is so ordained that you are to be a disciple of Vishoya Khechra, a great soul."

Vishoya, indeed, was a great soul. Namadeva was duly initiated by him. As days passed, Namadeva's deep devotion found expression through excellent lyrics. They appealed at once to one's emotion and wisdom. With Jnaneshwara and some other great devotees of the time Namadeva toured several pilgrim centres of the country. They brought about a devotional upsurge wherever they went.

Namadeva occupies a unique place in Marathi literature, but his spiritual influence had far surpassed the boundary of his state.

Namadeva believed that sincere prayer could do miracles. And he proved the validity of his faith again and again. Once when the river was in an unprecedented spate and Pandharpur was threatened, he stood on the shore along with his followers and chanted the Lord's name. The flood subsided and the village was saved.

Namadeva passed away in 1350, at the age of eighty, leaving behind him a great tradition of realising God through *Bhakti*, utter devotion.



The Prince and the WIZARD

5

[In a dense part of the forest some young men are trained up by an old man for launching an attack on the palace at the opportune time. They are the descendants of the nobles who had been killed, along with their king, by an usurper whose son Bhuvan Singh now rules the kingdom. The valiant Badal is the leader of those young men. Samser, the queen's nephew who looks forward to marrying Princess Pratiba, is doing his best to win her love.]

*Dim dim dum dum, didm didm
ddum*—sounded the drum and
merrily played on the flute.
There were only four in the
party of entertainers. The
woman sang as she danced
gracefully. Of the three of her
male companions, two played
the instruments and the third
one lent his supporting voice
to the danseuse.

*Listen, O folks, to the tales
of yore*

*Of kings and princes, their
bravery galore,*

*Gone are the heroes of glory
sublime*

*Bereft of them is our un-
fortunate time!*

This was the refrain to a charming song they sang about the legendary characters of the by gone ages and their thrilling adventures. A crowd of men and women had collected around them. Some of them sat

down and some continued to stand; but all looked enchanted with the song and the music. And, from time to time, they clapped their hands and shouted their hurrah.

It was late in the afternoon and the place was the square behind the palace. It was usual for conjurers or singers to demonstrate their talents there, for often the maids of the palace gathered on the terrace to enjoy the fun. When pleased, they threw rewards at the performers. And they had already been generous with their rewards today.

But unknown to the performers, not only the palace maids but also the princess was enjoying the performance through the latticed window!

"Pratiba! What are you doing here? I have rummaged the whole palace looking for you!

Come, we will sit for a game. The king and the queen are waiting for us," said Samser in a voice that was almost a command.

The princess once looked back, but she made no comment. Her gaze soon returned to the players on the street.

"Pratiba! Don't you hear me?" uttered Samser rather angrily. He then advanced towards the window and peeped down into the street.

"Don't you feel ashamed at enjoying such silly shows put up by riff-raff of the street?" he ranted.

"If anything is silly, it is to make this sort of comment without either seeing how they are performing or hearing what they are saying. They are singing the glory of the great heroes of the past. How true is what they say—that we do not witness such heroes in our days!" remarked the princess in a low but firm tone.

Samser tarried for a while, looking daggers at the princess. Then he dashed out in a huff. The princess turned her attention again to the street.

But she could not enjoy the performance for long. Samser rushed into the crowd. "Stop!"

he shouted at the pitch of his voice.

The dancing feet came to a halt. The singing voices and the music stopped abruptly. All the eyes were focussed on Samser. Those in the crowd who recognised Samser saluted him. Samser surveyed all, goggling his red eyes, his hands resting on his waist. He had brought with him three or four armed guards. They stood behind him, waiting for his order.

"What are you doing?" demanded Samser, assuming great importance.



"Enjoying a good song, O Prince of princes!" replied an elderly member of the crowd.

"Who gave you permission for carrying on this farce right behind the palace? Besides, how dare these singers assert that there are no heroes nowadays? Am I not there? I will show you what I am. You deserve to be penalised for your indiscipline," thundered Samser and next he signalled his guards to action. At once they started snatching away whatever valuable things the people had on their per-

sons. A gentleman lost his turban, a woman her gold bangles, an old man his walking stick with an ivory handle. Several people lost their rings. The loot was heaped on a slab of stone in front of Samser. He looked quite proud of his achievement.

A rider on a horse who had stopped to enjoy the performance was suddenly confronted by Samser. "Get down. You have forfeited your horse," he announced.

"Pardon me, O Prince, I am a traveller from a far away land. I have still to go a long way," pleaded the traveller.

But Samser's guards dragged him down. When he tried to resist, they threatened to take him prisoner.

"You have only lost your horse, not your feet. But if you dilly-dally here, you will forfeit your feet too," threatened Samser. The traveller looked around helplessly, sighed, and walked away.

"It is a rare kind of horse, my lord," one of the guards told Samser. And lowering his voice, he added, "We don't have a single horse of this quality in the royal stable."

"We will ride this," an-



nounced Samser.

"In fact, you alone, next to the king, deserve to ride this one," said a flatterer among the guards.

Samser hopped on to the horseback. But the horse gave a jerk and threw him off. Embarrassed, Samser sported a smile to show as if nothing had happened, and tried to settle on the horseback again, only to be toppled again.

To Samser's great dismay, some people in the crowd clapped their hands. A few yards away stood Badal and Ramu, observing all that went on. Badal was feeling restless. He clenched his teeth in anger at Samser harassing the innocent people. It was Ramu who kept them under check.

But Samser's brave experiment with riding the horse presented a golden opportunity for Badal to appear on the scene. Ramu too appreciated the situation and let Badal go.

Badal put on a pair of false moustachio and ran to Samser.

"My lord, this stupid horse has never been accustomed to a royal rider. But I am a horse-trainer. If you allow me to tame it, it will be as friendly to you as it will be to another

horse," said Badal with a courteous bow.

Samser found in the offer an opportunity to save face. "Fine," he said. "I agree with you that this stupid animal does not recognise a royal rider. Do the needful. I will give you a handsome reward."

Badal approached the horse and fondled it and planted a kiss on its forehead. Then he jumped on to its back. It showed no sign of revolt. Badal trotted in a circle. Samser, his guards, as well as the crowd



looked on with appreciation.

Suddenly Badal snatched away a sword from a guard and pointed it at Samser, its end touching his chest. This was so unexpected that all fell dumb.

"I command the guards to enter the cabin yonder," he roared. "Otherwise the sword will refuse to remain still."

He slightly pressed the pointed sword on Samser's chest who shrieked and tried to look back.

"If you take one step backward, you lose your precious head," Badal warned him in a stern voice.

"Enter the cabin, you fools," Samser shouted at his guards. "Do you want to see me pierced to death?"

Ramu stood before the cabin, holding its door open. The awe-struck guards entered it without any further delay.

Badal led Samser too towards the cabin. With his hands raised, Samser marched backward till he entered it. Badal then took off his false moustachio and smiled. Samser looked aghast upon recognising him.

Ramu shut the door of the cabin and bolted it from outside.

"Please pick up your things," Badal told the crowd. There was a hullabaloo of joy as the people picked up their lost property.

The princess and her maids had come out to the open portion of the terrace. They looked amazed and amused.

"I hope, my friend's performance was in no way inferior to that of the singers. Doesn't he deserve a reward?" said Ramu looking up at the terrace.

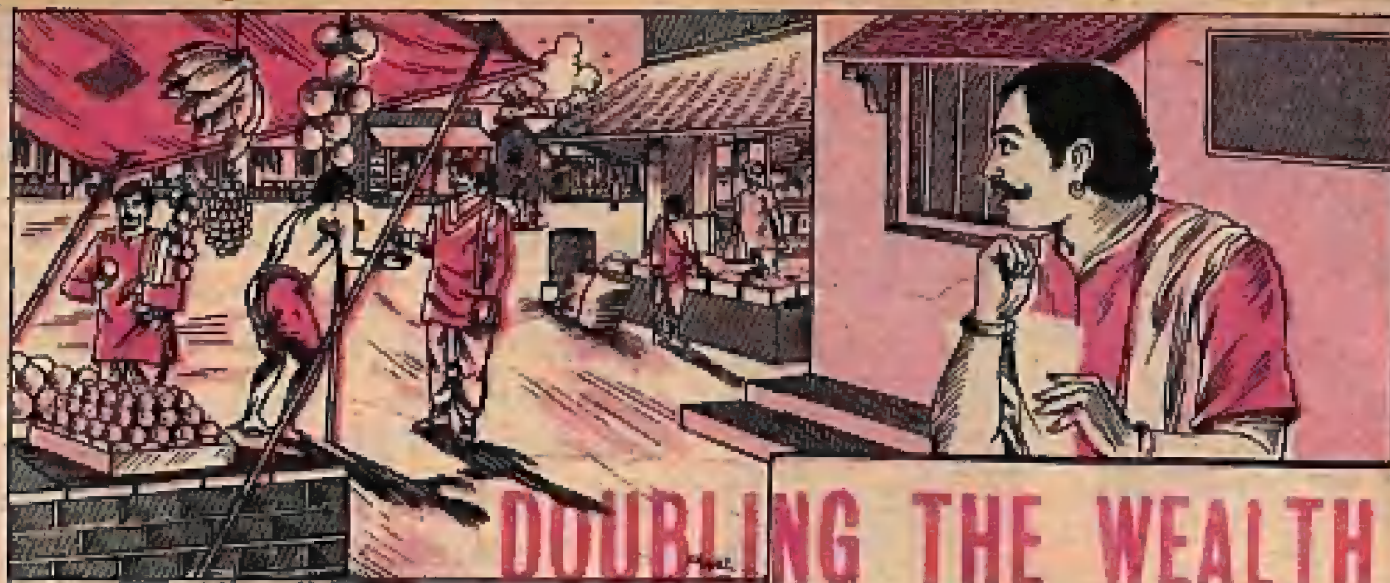
"Come, Ramu, we must hurry," Badal reminded his friend and looking up, greeted the princess with a smile.

Ramu sat on the horse behind Badal and both galloped away.

A few yards away from the scene, the wizard and his lieutenant, Mangal, witnessed the happenings, standing behind a broken wall.

"My deity desired to have the bravest young man sacrificed to her. I thought that such a young man should be found here—the capital of the kingdom. I did not know that I will discover him so easily," said the wizard and he laughed in a subdued manner.

Mangal nodded happily.



Chamanlal was a well-known merchant. He traded in several items—from grain to gold. He was already one of the richest men of his city, but he never stopped dreaming of growing even richer!

A time came when the rich men of the city started living in an abnormally extravagant manner. This gave rise to a rumour that someone in the city was manufacturing counterfeit coins.

"Only if I knew the secret of making false money! I could then become a man of crores overnight," Chamanlal told himself and sighed.

One day, while returning home from his shop he noticed a gentleman giving a handful of coins to a beggar. He greeted the gentleman and said, "You must be very rich to be

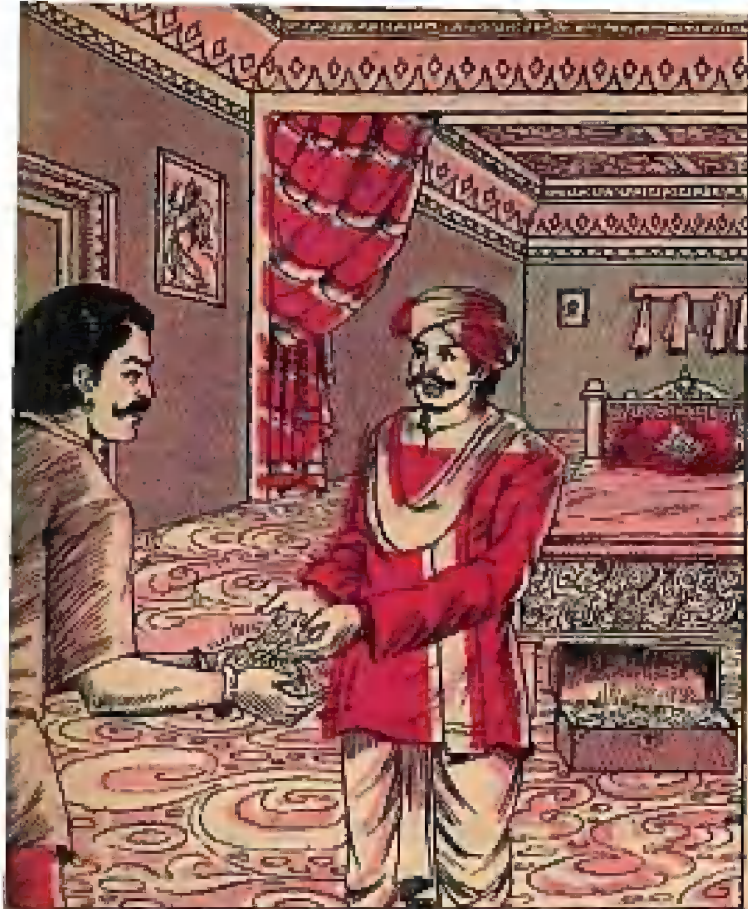
able to give so much money to a beggar!"

"Do you wish to be as rich as myself?" asked the gentleman who gave out his name as Sudarshan.

"Well, who does not wish to have more than he has? I must admit that I will like to be richer than I am," replied Chamanlal after some hesitation.

The gentleman lowered his voice and said, "Let me be frank with you. The coins I passed on to the beggar are fake ones. But nobody can make them out from the real ones. Here are ten fake coins. Try to pass them as real in any shop. I bet, you will be successful."

Chamanlal accepted the coins in his trembling hand and got into a cloth shop. He bought a piece of linen for the money.



The shop-keeper did not express any doubt about the genuineness of the coins.

"Surely, you do not doubt my statement any more?" said Sudarshan patting on Chamanlal's back. "Now, listen to my proposal. You give us one hundred coins. We give you two hundred counterfeit coins. You receive hundred per cent profit. Is this not a fair deal?"

"It is," admitted Chamanlal with great excitement. He carried hundred coins to Sudarshan the same evening. Sudarshan kept them carefully in a box, but from another box he picked up coins rather carelessly and handed them over to

Chamanlal, saying, "I don't mind if there are more than two hundred!"

Delighted, Chamanlal found the amount to be two hundred and twenty. He was still more thrilled when a rice merchant accepted the coins without hesitation. Thereafter he regularly gave a hundred coins to Sudarshan and received double the amount from him.

One day Sudarshan confided to him that they were going to shift their place of operation to another city. That shocked Chamanlal. "You can do one thing. Carry as much money as you like to our main centre which is in a village. You can bring back double for the last time," suggested Sudarshan.

Chamanlal loaded all his bags of coins in a cart and guided by Sudarshan went to a village miles away from the city. While returning with two fully loaded carts Sudarshan provided him with two guards.

Midway they noticed some sepoy of the king coming in their direction, riding horses, "There is an inquiry going on to trace the source of the counterfeit money. If these sepoy get curious and find out that the carts are loaded with coun-

terfeit coins, we can very well say that we have nothing to do with these carts," proposed one of the guards.

Chamanlal was coward by nature. His heart-beat increased as the sepoy came closer. The sepoy, indeed, detained the carts and wanted to know what the bags contained. Chamanlal, the guards and the carters had by then got down. The guards said that they were farmers who had come to visit their own fields and they had no more knowledge of the carts than the sepoy themselves had!

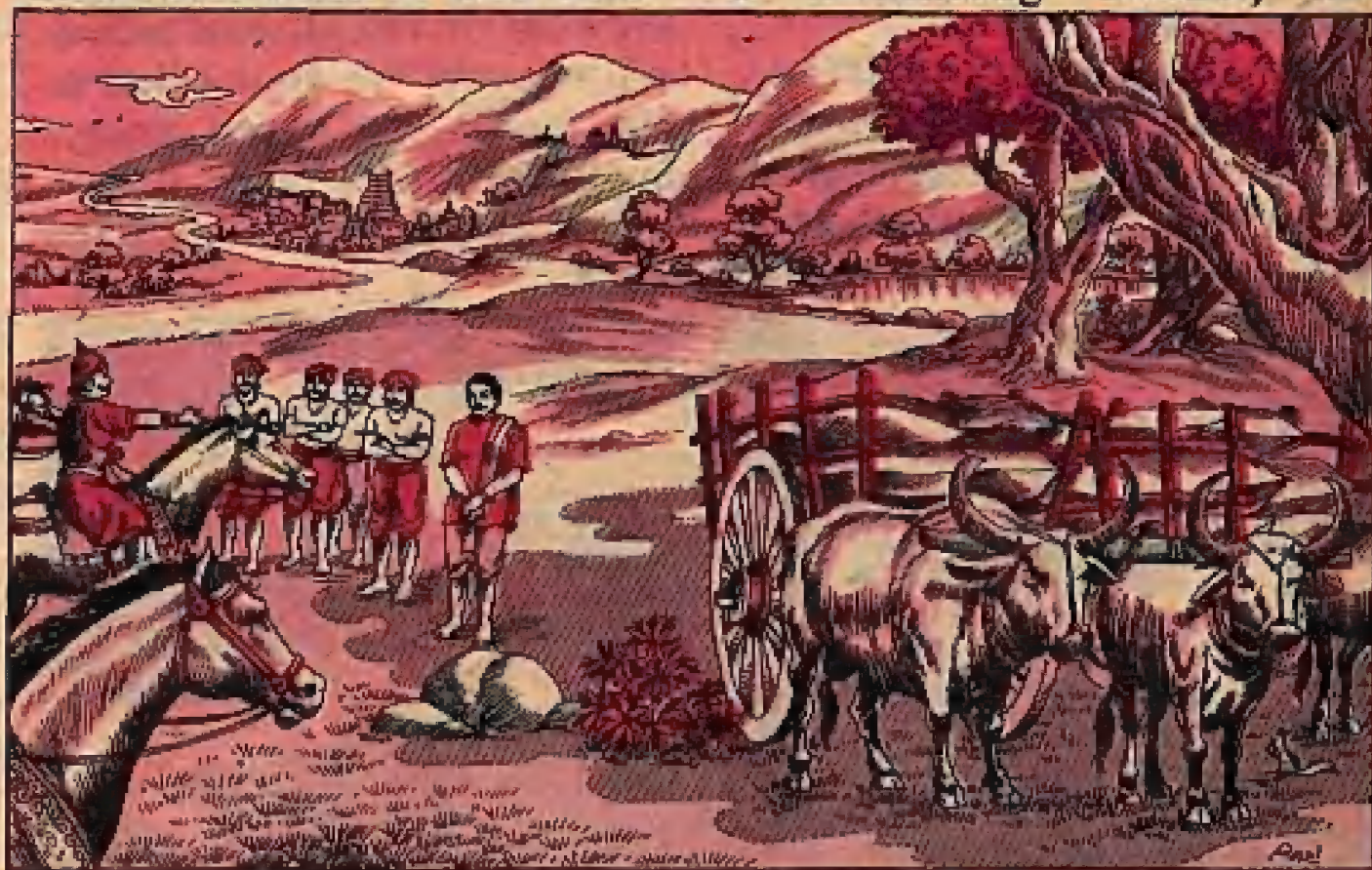
"We have some suspicion about the content of these carts.

Better we drive the carts to the king's court," announced the sepoy and they drove the carts away.

Chamanlal stood thunder-struck. "Thank your luck that you are not caught and hanged," said the guards. Chamanlal plodded on to the city and took to bed.

His shock brought him fever and he suffered for a full month. He had lost all his money. However, he had some merchandise in his store and much goodwill in the trading community. He decided to start from the scratch again.

On his way to the shop, after a month-long absence, he



noticed Sudarshan giving a lot of coins to a lame beggar in such a way so as to attract the attention of a wealthy passer-by. Chamanlal followed the beggar. The fellow, after a while, walked normally.

Chamanlal now understood how Sudarshan attracted others' attention and then gradually lured them into his trap.

Coming nearer to the false beggar Chamanlal found him to be one of the two guards who had accompanied him in his journey from the village. In a flash it occurred to him that those who led away the carts could also be the members of the same gang and not real sepoys.

He spoke out his doubts to the fake beggar. The fellow admitted of being a member of the gang. "We are cheats, but we are prepared to be caught

one day. So far as you are concerned, you have much to lose if people come to know that you ran after counterfeit money," the fellow had the cheek to warn Chamanlal.

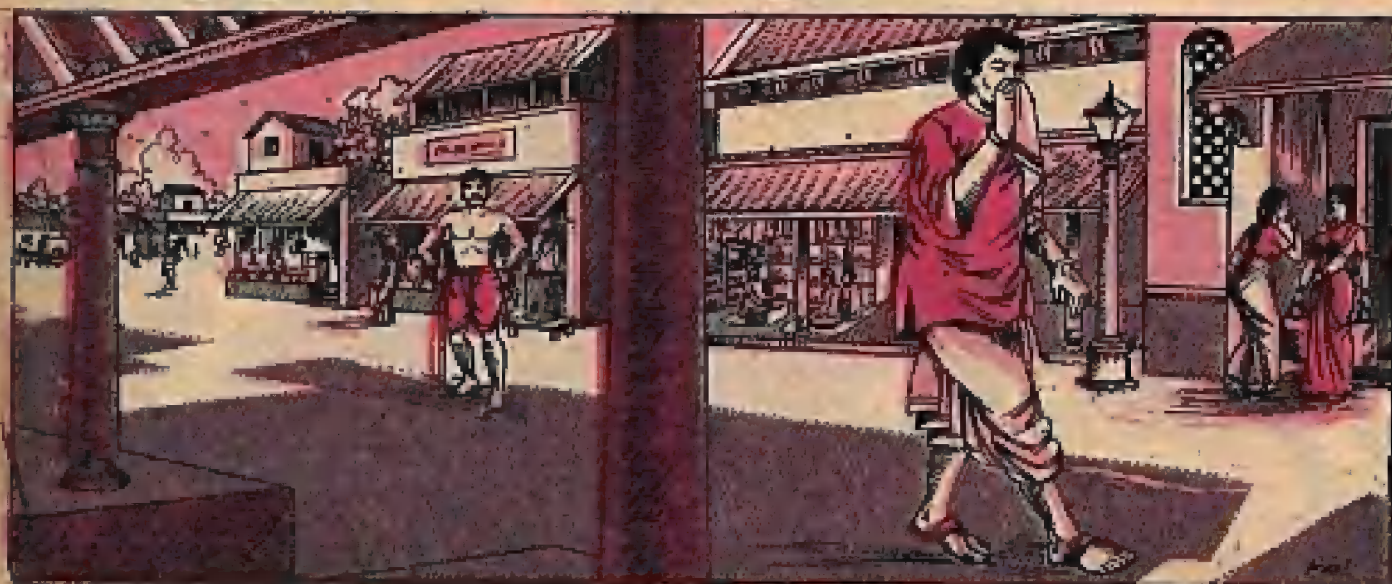
"But I lost everything!" murmured Chamanlal with a sigh.

"Why don't you borrow from us and begin your business in a new spirit?" asked the fellow.

"Why should I borrow counterfeit money from you?" asked Chamanlal.

The fellow laughed and said, "Are you still under the impression that we gave you counterfeit coins? They were as true as your coins. We could afford to give you double because we knew that at last all your money will be ours! We do not deal in fake money, but in real money, my friend!"

The fellow left Chamanlal agape.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

GOLD FOR HAPPINESS

Once upon a time there was a sage who had many disciples. A number of them were worldly people. But the sage was full of consideration and compassion for all. He gave them such advice which would help them get peace even though they were engrossed in material activities of life.

Among them was a merchant who was notorious for his miserliness. He had hoarded a million, still he would feel sad if he lost a rupee, so much so that he would skip over a meal to make up for the loss. He never entertained guests and he never gave a paisa in charity.

"Why don't you ever smile?"

the sage would ask him from time to time.

"What is there to smile for, O Master? The world is full of crooks. I work hard, but do not get enough in return," he would reply.

The sage told him again and again that he suffered for imaginary reasons, that there were numerous people suffering pangs of real poverty who can still smile and be happy, that he must change his attitude. But all was in vain.

One day the sage fell sick. Next day he called his disciples who happened to be nearby and told them, "I am to leave my body shortly. I wish you all



well. Have trust in God and be faithful to Him at heart. That will make you happy in life. However, if you wish to seek my advice on any of your personal problems for the last time, you can come to me one by one."

The disciples were shocked at the sage's sudden revelation about his impending death. They wept. And when they re-entered his room, one at a time, to seek his last advice, most of them only sought his blessings. They were in no mood to bother him with their personal problems.

The miser came last of all. "O Master," he appealed to the

sage. "Please promise that you will grant me whatever I ask of you."

By then the sage was perhaps desirous of being left alone. He agreed to grant the miser whatever he wanted and to get rid of him quickly.

"O blessed sage, I have gathered confidentially from your old disciples that you had the power to perform a miracle; you could change iron into gold. Please pass on that charm to me."

The dying sage's face paled. "Woe to me that I could perform such a miracle! But know this that the knowledge will deprive you of whatever peace and happiness you have. Better ask me for something that will really do you good."

"O Master, happiness and peace will be mine if you teach me the secret of which I have asked you. More gold, more happiness," said the miser.

The sage could not afford to waste any more time with the man. He gave him a hymn and asked him to utter it a hundred times placing his hand on the metal which he desired to change into gold.

Soon thereafter the sage died. The miser seemed to be

the happiest of his disciples. Others whispered among themselves, "The sage has taught him something great. Maybe, the fellow has received the boon to behold God!"

A week later the miser went out in search of some scrap iron. The shop-keeper quoted him a price which was a little higher than the rate that prevailed earlier.

"It will be wise on my part to wait for the price to come down," he thought. Every week he enquired about the price; but it did not come down. "Although when the iron is changed into gold it will matter little whether I had paid a high or low price for the iron, still it is not sensible on my part to enrich the seller of scrap iron by paying him more,"

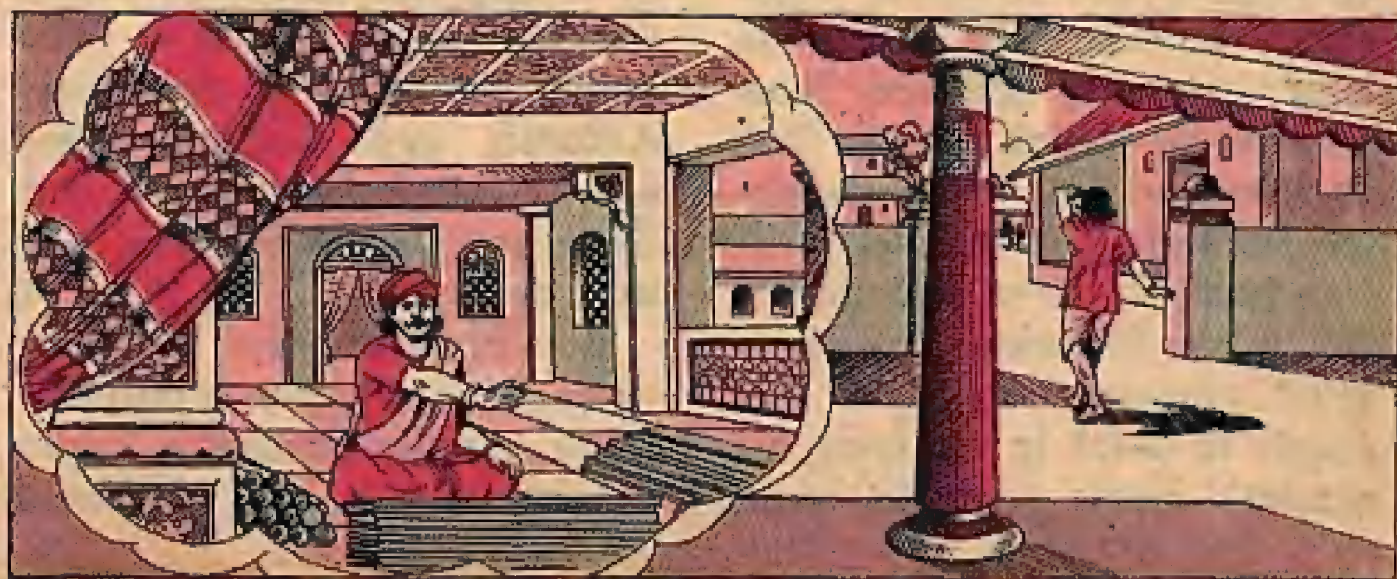
he told himself and waited longer.

Two years passed. Suddenly there was a fall in the price of scrap iron. The miser bought cartfuls of them into his house. He fortified his house spending a good deal of money, for, the heaps of iron were to turn gold after all!

Finally one night he sat down amidst the scraps, ready to utter the hymn.

Alack! He had forgotten it. He tore his hair and beat his head against the wall. But not a word of the hymn occurred to him. He had neglected to remember it during the past two years when he kept himself preoccupied with the rise and fall in the price of scrap iron!

He turned mad and remained so till he breathed his last.





THE TEMPEST

Roaring waves roll around a small island, which has only two human dwellers—rather two and half! While the first one is a majestic duke, Prospero, and the second is his charming young daughter, Miranda, the third dweller, Caliban, is half human and half beast, the son of a wicked witch.

The story begins with a severe storm. A ship seems to be on the verge of being wrecked. Miranda is moved to pity. Little does she know that the ship was carrying King Alonso of Naples, and Antonio, Prospero's brother, who, with the king's support, deprived Prospero of his dukedom. In fact, Prospero and his infant daughter, Miranda, had been set adrift in a boat, to die in due course. But it was Gonzalo, Prospero's good minister, who had managed to place in the boat his master's magic robe, his wand

and books, for magic was Prospero's only interest.

Chance drove the boat to the island. Years passed during which Prospero remained occupied with the study of magic on one hand and nurturing Miranda on the other. He also tried his best to change Caliban into a cultured being, but failed. However, he had an excellent lieutenant in Ariel, a cheerful spirit.

It was when King Alonso, after marrying off his daughter in Africa, was returning home by a ship that Prospero raised the storm using his magic. The king, his brother Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo came ashore, but it was thought that the king's son, Ferdinand, had been drowned.

But Prospero was far from revengeful. He gave a purposeful turn to the situation. Prince Ferdinand was led, enchanted



by Ariel's songs, to Miranda's presence. They fell in love at first sight. To try their love Prospero posed as an angry taskmaster. But the lovers stood the test successfully.

King Alonso was reminded by Ariel's song of his treacherous conduct towards Prospero. He repented. But to put a happy finis to everything, Prospero revealed himself and then gave the king the most delightful surprise of his life: he showed him his dear son Ferdinand engrossed in a game of chess with Miranda.

The wicked Ferdinand too was exposed. But Prospero pardons all. The ship was found to be safe and sound. They all returned to Italy. Ferdinand and Miranda get married and Prospero gave up his magic to devote his last days to prayers!



THE UNUSUAL CARTER

Once upon a time there lived a poet named Seshacharya at Venkatpur. One day, while returning home from a faraway village, he boarded a cart. The carter agreed to carry him to Venkatpur for a fee of five rupees.

Perhaps to break the monotony of the journey the carter asked Seshacharya, "Do you belong to Venkatpur?"

"Yes, but my forefathers were the residents of Siddhapur. My father changed over to Venkatpur," replied the poet.

"Siddhapur?" repeated the carter with some amazement.

"Yes, once we belonged to Siddhapur. Do you know anybody there?" asked the poet.

But the carter did not answer his question. He seemed to have become deeply engrossed in some thought.

After a few minutes the carter suddenly looked back at the poet and asked again, "What is your occupation, sir?"

"Well, I am a scholar and a poet. I have written a few volumes of poetry," replied Seshacharya.

"Excellent. I hold scholars and poets in high esteem. I feel proud to carry you in my cart. Was your father a poet too?" asked the carter.

"He was. And so was my grandfather," replied the poet.

"I see. If you don't mind, may I ask you if you earn

enough from writing poetry?" asked the carter.

The poet laughed a sad laugh. "No," he said. "I hardly earn anything. Days are gone when good poetry was appreciated in the courts of the kings. The Raja of Siddhapur was so much moved by the compositions of my grandfather that he gave him not only high titles and scrolls of honour, but also a lakh of rupees in cash. In fact I live on the property my grandfather had earned with that reward. My father left Siddhapur because the rajas fell into bad days! No member of the royal dynasty lives there any

more."

The carter fell into silence. Again he seemed to be deeply engrossed in some thought.

"Will you please stop for a moment? I will like to go into the village at hand and quench my thirst," said the poet.

The carter stopped his cart and jumped down and said, "You need not take that much trouble. I will do the needful."

In a few bounds he entered the village. Soon he was seen leading a Brahmin boy who carried a tender coconut. The poet satisfied his thirst and thanked the carter. He wished to pay for the coconut. But



neither the Brahmin boy nor the carter would accept anything.

They reached Venkatpur by the sunset. Seshacharya entered his house and came out with the carter's fee. But, to his surprise, he saw the cart moving away. He asked his servant to run and stop the cart.

"You forgot your fee!" he told the carter when they stood face to face.

"I have not forgotten. But I cannot accept anything from you," was the carter's reply.

"But why?" asked the amazed poet.

"Must I tell you why? Do you take back the gift you have bestowed on somebody?" was the carter's puzzling question.

"No, certainly not. But what

do you mean by such a question?" asked the poet.

The carter turned his head a little and gazed absent-mindedly at the distant green fields. For a moment it seemed as if he was hesitating whether to answer this point or not. Still lost in thought he glanced back at the poet.

"Well, you know that the Rajas of Siddhapur fell into bad days. The children of the dynasty are scattered here and there. I am the great-grandson of the raja who rewarded your grandfather. You live on your grandfather's property. How can I take back a part of the gift my great-grandfather gave your grandfather?" asked the carter and he did not wait for a reply.

The poet looked on till the cart disappeared from his vision.





THE MIRACLE LEMON

In days gone by there was a famous physician at Uttampur named Ramnath. People flocked to him for all sorts of ailments and he was kind and considerate to all. His son, Shombhunath, too had learnt the science of treatment well. Ramnath had no doubt in his mind that Shombhunath would carry on his tradition successfully. And so did Shombhunath, after Ramnath's death, for a year or two. But thereafter, he observed, the number of patients visiting him became less and less. He was surprised. He had never neglected his patients. He had never taken his own knowledge for granted. He continued to study the manuscripts left by his father so that he never ceased to learn. Why should patients then stop coming to him?

He got the answer when people told him about a newly arrived hermit living in the forest nearby who distributed some ash with miraculous curative powers. Surprised, Shombhunath grew curious to know whether the ash actually cured the patients.

One day he visited the forest with some other villagers. He returned after a close look at the hermit, who sat inside a cave sporting a beard and a mound of hair on his head. Men and women bowed to him and placed their gifts before him. He gave them pinches of ash.

Instead of going home, Shombhunath straight entered the temple of the village deity. He sat in front of the deity for a long time, closing his eyes. Villagers who saw him concluded that a big change had come

over him. They did not disturb him out of their reverence for him.

He did the same thing the next day. When his meditation was over, he returned home, without talking to anybody.

One day, while Shombhunath was engrossed in what people thought to be meditation, a woman, carrying her son in her arms, entered the temple and cried out, "O good physician, please save my son. I should have carried him to the hermit, but I am not sure if the boy can stand the strain of being carried so far."

Shombhunath stood up and

came near the boy. He examined him for a minute. The boy had swooned away. Without a word Shombhunath entered the temple orchard and plucked a lemon and returned to the room. Holding the lemon before his mouth, he muttered some mantra. Then he cut the fruit into two and squeezed out its juice into a glass. He added a pinch of salt and some water to it and kept it ready. Then he sprinkled ordinary water on the child's face and fanned him. Within minutes the boy opened his eyes. Shombhunath made him drink the lemon water and an-



nounced, "My mantra has put magic power into the lemon. Its juice is bound to make your boy all right in no time."

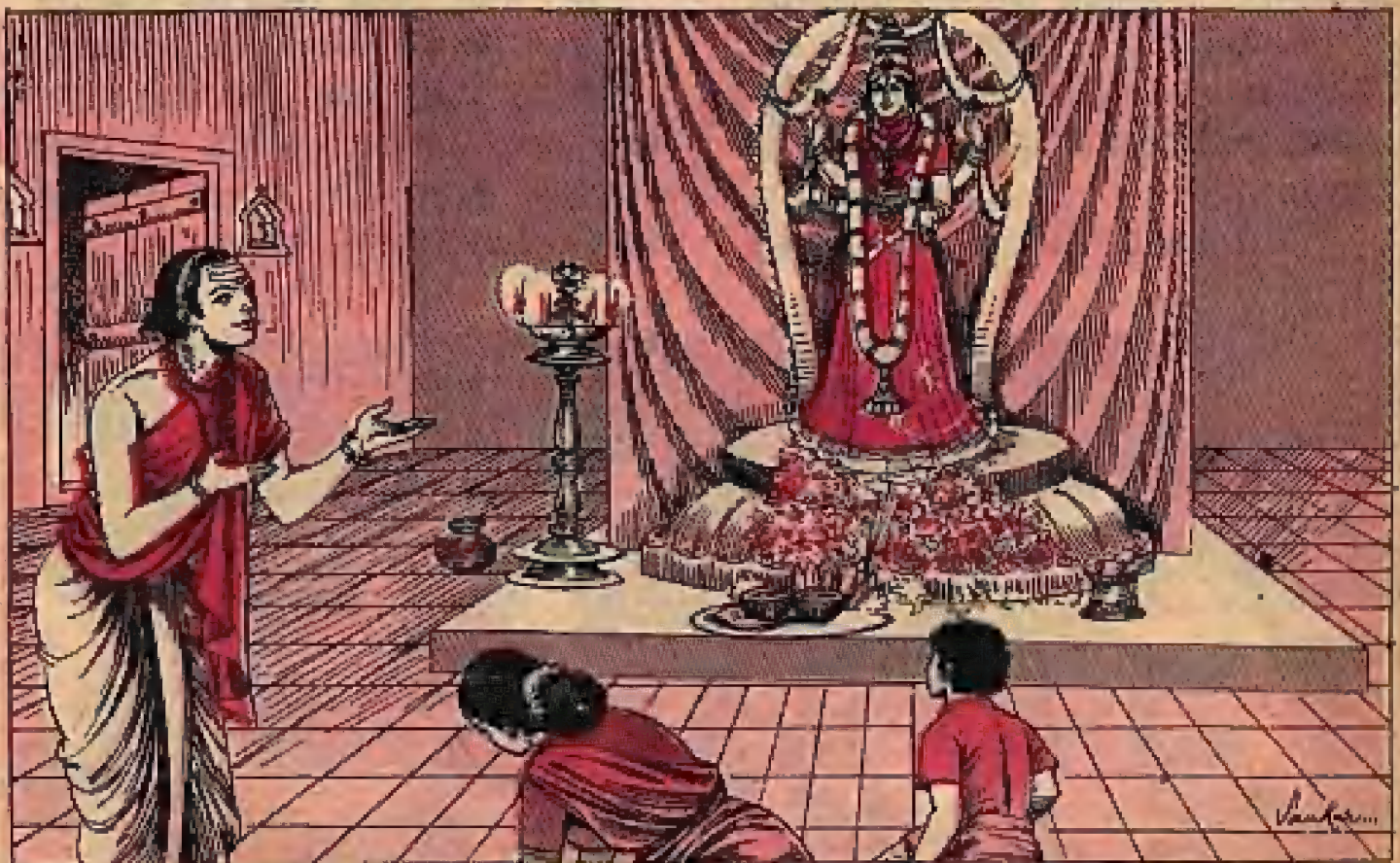
A crowd had already collected before the temple because of the woman's shriek. Now they saw the miracle which Shombhunath's magic lemon wrought. The boy indeed became all right. It became the talk of the village. Shombhunath was already a physician—the son of a great physician. Now that he had mastered some new power through his mantra, people were eager to come to him at the earliest need. He was in demand as of old.

Since there was a lemon tree in his own courtyard, he did not go to the temple orchard any more. Before giving any other medicine he first treated his patients with the sacred lemon-juice.

People stopped going to the hermit. After a few days it was noticed that the hermit had left the forest.

Six months passed. One day the physician's son fell sick. The physician was not at home. When he returned, he saw the boy suffering from high fever. He brought out some medicine and began treatment.

"What about the lemon?"



asked his wife.

"You can give him lemon juice with water whenever you like or whenever he wants to drink," was Shombhunath's reply.

The reply did not satisfy his wife. "What about the mantra you utter on the lemon which does so much good to the patients? Why should you feel reluctant to use the mantra in your son's case?" she asked.

"Do you know the mantra I read on the lemon? I just say to God that let His Grace work on my patients. In any case I am making the same prayer in my son's case too, lemon or no lemon!" replied Shombhunath.

"I do not understand you. Why then do you use lemon for other patients?" asked his wife again.

"Ordinarily the people would

not believe in a simple prayer. So I gave them the impression that I was uttering a mantra which had the magic power to cure them. You must remember that I was competing with a false hermit. When I saw him I felt that he was only collecting gifts for himself. He had no power to cure even a cat. I cured people through my prayers, my goodwill, and my medicine. What I lacked was miracle! So I added that through a show of mantra. But I read the mantra on the lemon. The lemon was hardly harmful. In fact, it cures or helps curing many types of disorders!"

"Do you think that the hermit was a hoax?" asked his wife.

"Why then do you think he left the forest when people stopped going to him?" asked Shombhunath in return.





Soon after Rama began his rule, a tribe of *gundharvas* proved a menace to the northern frontier of his kingdom. At Rama's bidding Bharata led an army to the frontier and drove away the trouble-makers. The people of the area heaved sighs of relief.

In another remote part of the kingdom cropped up a new danger in the person of Lavanasura, a terrible demon. Rama knew that the enemy was adept at creating illusions and resorting to supernatural tricks. He summoned Vibhishana through Hanuman. Vibhishana arrived soon, accompanied by a group of demon heroes. Rama asked Shatrughna to lead his army against the demon. Thus, Vibhi-

shana and Shatrughna went out in a martial expedition.

Lavanasura and his tribe were merciless and murderous. But Shatrughna faced them boldly. Vibhishana proved a great support, for, he could see through the illusions and tricks of the demon. After a fearful battle the demon fell to Shatrughna's arrows. Great was the joy of the citizens of Ayodhya when the messengers returned from the battle-field and announced the defeat of Lavanasura. And when riding in stately chariots, Shatrughna and Vibhishana returned to the capital, the people of Ayodhya flocked in the streets to welcome the heroes. For many days together the city remained in a festive mood.



One day Rama and Sita were seated in the court. Before them sat Hanuman, Vashistha, Bharata, Lakshmana, Shatrughna, Sugriva, Angada, Nala, Neela, Jambavan, Vibhishana and others. Suddenly there appeared before them the great sage, Agastya. Rama stood up and greeted him with due show of courtesy.

"O blessed soul, please tell me if I can be of any service to you," said Rama.

"Like all the other people, I too have nothing to murmur about under your pious and noble rule. But I wish to caution you against a great danger. We are all praise for you because

of your destroying Ravana, the ten-headed demon. But I wonder if you know about the hundred-headed demon, Shatamukha, who is at the moment conspiring to kill you, from his capital which is a magic city situated beyond the bitter sea," said Agastya.

"O sage, I hardly know anything about the demon you speak of," confessed Rama.

"Kashyapa had a wife named Basu. It was at an evil moment that she gave birth to a child which has grown into the wicked Shatamukha. The demon worshipped Brahma for a long time and succeeded in obtaining such boons from him whereby he has become a menace even to Indra, the king of the gods. He is extremely arrogant and he desires to conquer all the three worlds. O Rama, you alone can vanquish him!" said Agastya.

"Is he really so very terrible?" asked Rama.

"He is. But of what worth is his demoniac ferocity before you? You have destroyed Ravana. Although the demon I speak about is more dangerous than Ravana, you can still vanquish him," said Agastya reassuringly.

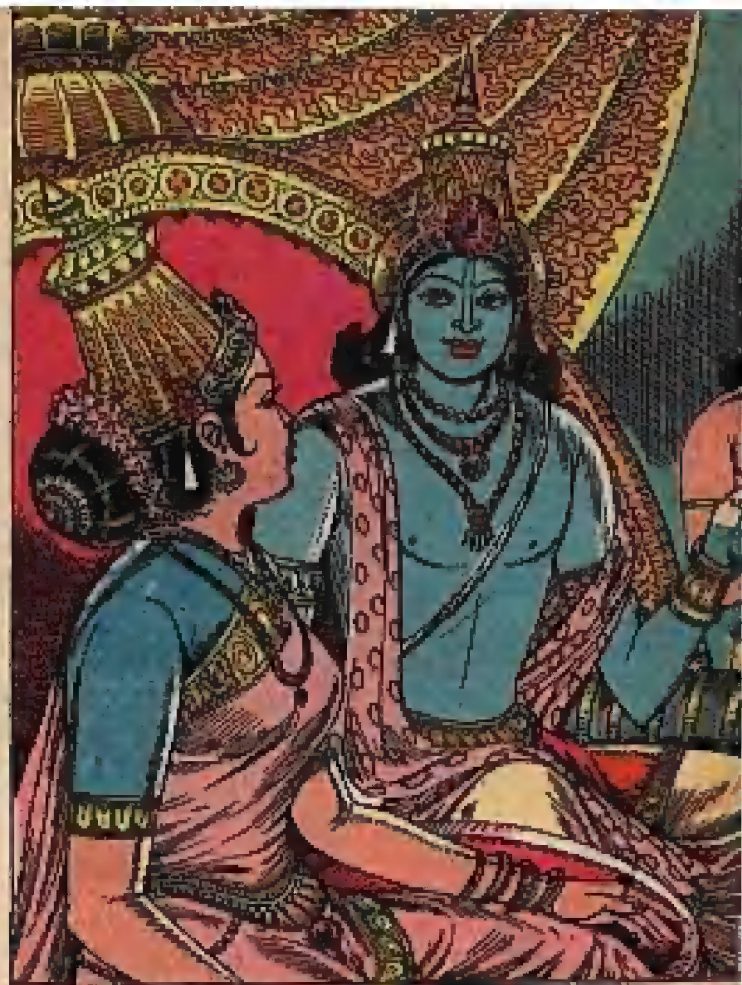
After Agastya took leave of Rama, he told his brothers and friends, "I am tired after my long battle with Ravana, Kumbhakarna and the lot. Lakshmana's condition is not different from mine. Bharata has lately fought with the *Gundharvas*, and Shatrughna with *Lavanasura*. Who will now wish to face the hundred-headed demon? It is not easy to cross the seas either—and last of all the remotely situated bitter sea.

The worried Rama's eyes fell on Hanuman. He exclaimed, "O hero! You alone can undertake this task. You may be remarkable for your humility, but I know that you are an emanation of Rudra. You can perform the impossible, if you so please."

"My lord, I am at your service. Can there be a demon so powerful as to survive your wrath? Please sit on my shoulder. I will carry you to the present destination," said Hanuman with his characteristic humility.

"You are nonpareil for your courage and faithfulness, O Hanuman," said Rama and he embraced Hanuman.

"Will you please explain to me how Hanuman happens to be an emanation of Rudra?"



asked Sita.

"Rudra, an aspect of Lord Shiva that dwelt high above the universe, once grew curious to know about Vishnu's creation and hence entered the atmosphere of this earth. Soon it got immersed in the person of Lord Shiva. It is that very celestial aspect which is incarnated as Hanuman."

Rama got ready for the expedition. Sita expressed her wish to accompany him. Lakshmana, Bharata, Shatrughna, Sugriva, Vibhishana and an army of choice soldiers too were to go with him.

As all looked on, Hanuman began to expand his body. His



huge form amazed all. At first Sita climbed on to his shoulder. She was followed by Rama. At his instruction, all the others too found their accommodation on Hanuman's back.

Hanuman rose high into the sky. It appeared as though a mountain was on flight!

As Hanuman flew over the four seas, Rama acquainted Sita with their names. In due course the magic city of the hundred-headed demon could be seen in the horizon. It was protected by a strong wall of dazzling gold. None but Hanuman could have had any access to that strange city beyond the seas.

Before the main gate of the wall stretched a garden which, for its magnificence, could only be compared to the Nandan garden of heaven. Rama directed Hanuman to descend there. The soldiers hopped down to the ground.

"Launch the attack forthwith," Rama told the army.

Immediately the soldiers, under the leadership of Sugriva, Angada, Vibhishana and others, began to collect boulders and heaped them along the wall. Then they tried to cross the wall. In a short while they broke open the main door.

The demon that guarded the door was known as Kalakeya. The sudden attack surprised him. "Who are these creatures? Don't they know that it is the invincible Shatamukha who owns this city? Why are these strangers so eager to die in our hands?" wondered Kalakeya.

Kalakeya roared and advanced at the invaders. Rama's soldiers seemed to get terrified. But Vibhishana encouraged them to face the demon bravely. Soon the fight became quite fierce.

Shatamukha was then about to sit down for worshipping his

deity. He called one of his guards and asked him, "What causes this noise?"

"My lord! a certain king, riding a huge Vanara, has made his appearance all on a sudden. He has brought with him hordes of both human and Vanara soldiers. Our fort seems to be under siege by him," replied the guard.

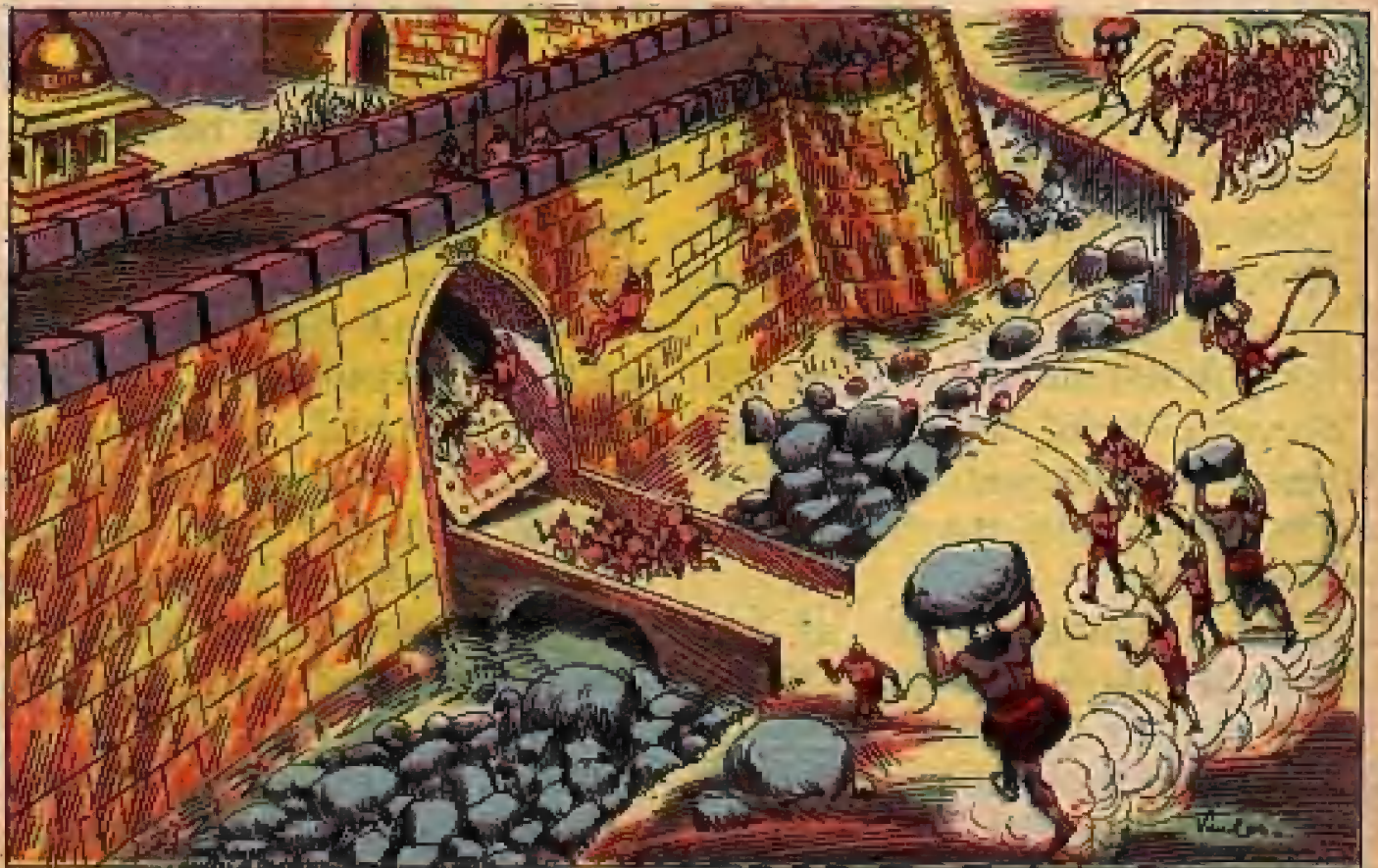
"You make me laugh! Gods fail to stand before me. And you say that someone has arrived riding a mere Vanara and he has the audacity to attack my fort! Who on earth could that king be?" asked Shatamukha. However, he did not

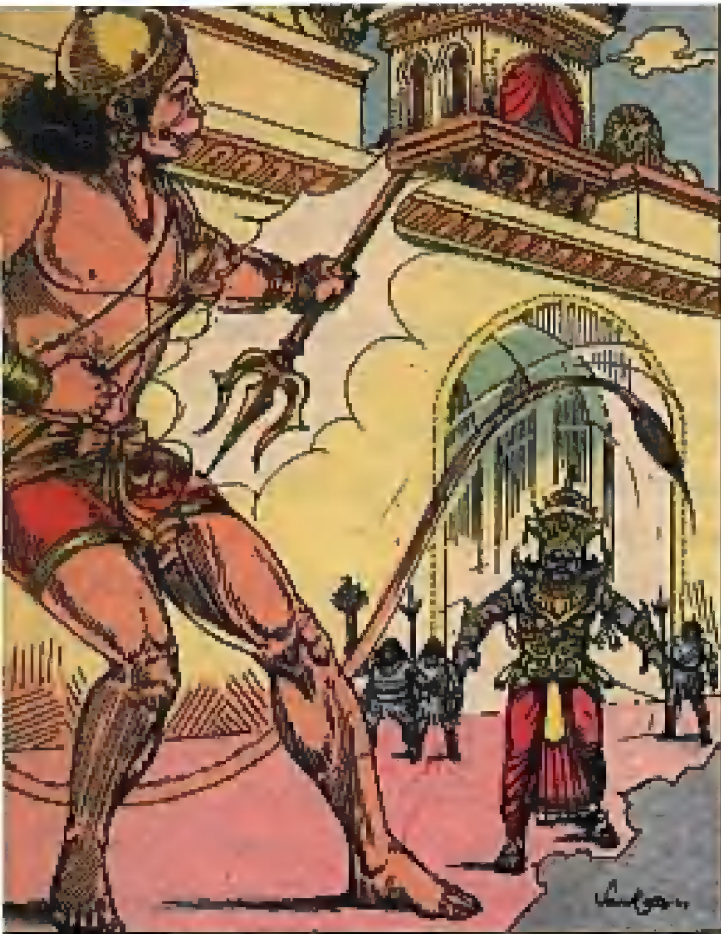
take the report lightly. He ordered his generals to prepare for a battle and in no time got ready himself.

As he emerged from his palace, Rama was impressed with his stature, his show of muscles as well as his dazzling attire.

Observing Rama's appreciative look, Hanuman told him, "Please do not forget that the creature that is coming to meet you is the most wicked of all the demons. His appearance might appear striking to others, but it should fail to impress you."

No sooner had Hanuman





finished his comment than he jumped forward and planted a blow on Shatamukha's chest. The demon tumbled down, but recovered his balance in the twinkling of an eye and expressed his amazement, saying, "You seem to be quite strong! Nobody had ever succeeded in throwing me flat on the ground, but you did succeed, taking the opportunity of my unmindfulness. I tasted your blow; now you should taste the strength of my weapon."

The demon, with all his strength, hurled his three-pronged weapon at Hanuman. But Hanuman took hold of it and broke it into two.

"Fine is your feat!" shouted Shatamukha and continued to hurl a variety of weapons at Hanuman. Hanuman caught hold of each one of them and broke them.

Rama was greatly pleased with Hanuman's strength and valour. He, followed by Vibhishana, marched forward to give a fight to the demon. But the demon suddenly caught both of them and hurled them far away. Hanuman extended his tail towards them. They got on to it. Hanuman then coiled his tail and brought them back to the scene again.

The fight resumed. The boulders which the soldiers of Rama hurled at the demon were crushed to dust by the demon's mace. The Vanara heroes and the brothers of Rama did their best to overthrow the demon, but in vain.

Rama and Sita took their seats on Hanuman's shoulder and confronted Shatamukha. The demon laughed and teased Rama, saying, "You consider yourself the bravest of mankind, do you? But do not be under the illusion that I am as weak as Ravana!"

Rama replied to the demon not through words, but through

a shower of arrows. However, the demon evaded them with great skill.

Rama felt a bit tired at one stage and handed over his bow to Sita. At once Sita took aim at the demon and said, "If Rama is faithful to truth and if I am faithful to him, this very arrow ought to put an end to the demon."

The arrow shot by her took the demon's life. Sita returned the bow to Rama.

Extremely pleased, Rama took out his jewel necklace and gave it to Sita.

"Hanuman who brought us so far and fought for us so boldly deserves this reward," said Sita. Rama then handed over the necklace to Hanuman. Hanuman accepted it bowing his head, and said, "This gift

which will hang on my chest will ensure the presence of Rama and Sita within my heart."

Rama and Sita returned to Ayodhya. With Rama's permission Vibhishana proceeded to his kingdom, Lanka. Sugriva left for Kiskindhya. Hanuman, however, continued to attend upon Rama.

Rama concentrated on introducing a sound system of rule in the country. People lived in great happiness. The country abounded in everything the subjects needed for a joyful living.

Hanuman once felt the urge to see his mother, Anjana. She lived above the Gandhamadan hill. Rama, upon knowing his urge, allowed him to proceed to meet Anjana. Contd.



GRAINS AND GOLD

A certain landlord had a magnificent mansion. People who passed through his village spent time looking at the building and appreciating the architecture. The landlord was famous for his philanthropy and humanity.

One day three travellers, attracted by the landlord's building, came near it. They saw the landlord busy picking up a handful of grains scattered on the ground.

"Sir, you are showing such concern for the grains as if they were gold!" remarked one of the travellers. The other two nodded in agreement with their friend's observation.

The landlord said nothing at the moment. However, he asked them to have their lunch in his house. The travellers gladly agreed to it.

But they were puzzled to see that what was given to them as lunch was no food but glittering pieces of gold!

"My friends, I understood from your remark that you give much greater value to gold than you give to rice. Why not live on gold?" asked the landlord softly.

The travellers realised their mistake. They apologised for their remark. Thereafter they were served with delicious dishes.



*New Tales of King Vikram,
and the Vampire*

THE SUCCESSFUL SUITOR

Dark was the night and fearful was the atmosphere of the cremation ground. Intermittent flashes of lightning revealed ghastly faces. From time to time was heard weird laughter, mixed up with the howl of jackals.

But, with steady steps King Vikram began walking through the ground once he had brought down the corpse from the ancient tree.

"Listen, O valiant king," said the vampire which possessed the corpse, "I am at a loss to understand whether you are working like a fool or like a wise man. Your character seems as intriguing as that of Somu. You don't know the story of Somu, do you? Well, let me narrate it to you."

The vampire went on: A peasant had three sons. The two elder sons were active and





intelligent, but the youngest, Somu, seemed quite naive and lazy. He was no good company for others; that is why his brothers never asked him to accompany them when they visited any festival or went to the town.

The king of the land was a whimsical man. He had one child—a daughter. No wonder that there would be many who aspired to marry her. Among the suitors were eligible sons of noblemen and even some princes of the neighbouring kingdoms. But the king, nobody knows under what kind of inspirations, made a strange condi-

tion for his daughter's marriage. The princess was to stand on the balcony. Whoever would reach her first with a single jump from the ground would win her. A candidate could make as many attempts he liked.

On the appointed day the cream of the land's youth gathered below the balcony. Soon began the funny competition. Princes and young men from noble families began jumping. Among them were excellent jumpers, but none could reach the balcony. Some broke their limbs and retreated.

Next day the contest was thrown open to the commoners, Somu's elder brothers prepared to go to the town. "Take me with you," proposed Somu. "That is out of the question," was their reply. The two smiled looking at each other and left the house.

"Why did they refuse to take me with them, mother?" Somu asked his sad mother.

"My child, they think that you are a fool. They feel awkward if you are with them. But you are a grown up lad. Why can't you go alone?" said the mother.

"Why not!" said Somu and he went out in haste.

Wishing to take to a short cut, he entered the forest, but soon lost his way. Tired, he sat down under a tree.

While unmindfully playing with the scattered stones, he found a beautiful image. He carried it to a stream and cleaned it and placed it on a boulder and put a few flowers around it.

Instantly a luminous spirit appeared before him. "The image you have worshipped is mine. It lay here forgotten for a long time. I am pleased for the care you bestowed on it. Tell me, what can I do for you?" asked the spirit.

"I shall be grateful to you, O Goddess, if you give me a smart horse which knows the way to the palace. And, of course, I will like to wear an attractive dress. And, if you don't mind, give me a few gold coins," said Somu.

A charming horse, a set of dazzling dress, and a bag filled with gold coins materialised before him in the twinkling of an eye.

Somu, looking like a prince in his new dress, galloped away. On the way he saw his two brothers plodding towards the palace. "You seem rather poor," said Somu. "Take these coins,



but do not be extravagant with them. Spend them for the welfare of your family."

Somu emptied the bag on them and rode away as they looked on with amazement.

Soon Somu stood before the palace. A large crowd had collected to see the suitors attempting to leap onto the balcony. Somu stood behind the crowd and watched the game. But the crowd, instead of looking at the competitors, gazed at him, for, he looked so fascinating. Even the princess focused her eyes on him.

Somu understood that everybody expected him to join the



contest. He dismounted and took a jump. He found himself standing on the balcony, face to face with the princess.

The crowd broke into a noisy applause. The princess took a step towards Somu and put a diamond ring on his finger.

But what Somu did next bewildered all. He jumped down to the road, hopped onto his horse and galloped away.

This was quite unexpected. It took time for the king to order his guards to detain the young man. The guards pursued him, but failed to catch up with him.

Back in the forest, Somu

placed the horse and the dress before the goddess and said, "I have been to the palace. Please take your things back." The horse and the dress disappeared. He returned home and kept quiet when his brothers narrated to their mother all about the wonderful prince who won the princess but left the palace without a word.

Agitated over the successful suitor's mysterious conduct, the king asked his officers to spread over the kingdom and find out who put on the diamond ring. After a few days Somu was found out by two of the royal guards. He was led to the king. Although he wore no dazzling dress now, the princess, after a close look, identified him to be the successful suitor.

Somu married the princess and lived in the palace. He hardly talked, but it was not necessary for a royal son-in-law to talk much! Everything was at his disposal for a mere nod.

A few months passed. The kingdom was suddenly attacked by a wicked invader. The king's general had just died and the king himself was unwell. The minister asked Somu to lead the army to fight the enemy.

Somu rode at the head of the

army. But midway he suddenly took a turn and disappeared into the forest.

The soldiers thought that Somu was afraid of facing the enemy and that is why he escaped. They were demoralised. They gave battle to the invaders all right, but it was a spiritless battle. Soon it became clear that the enemy was going to win a rather easy victory.

At the critical moment an unknown young man appeared on the scene. He rode a stout horse and was dressed magnificently. He called upon the king's dispersing army to unite.

The army obeyed him and launched a sudden offensive against the invaders who had taken their victory for granted and had lost the mood to fight. Soon the chief of the invaders was taken prisoner. His army was completely routed.

In the meanwhile news had reached the king about Somu's cowardly escape. Unwell though, the king rushed to the battle-front. Great was his joy when he found his army victorious and the enemy chief bound in ropes! He was told that the victory was due to a mysterious young man who appeared at the right moment





to give the army the leadership it needed.

"Where is the young man?" queried the king.

The soldiers guided him to the shadow of a tree. The young man lay there, grievously wounded. The king at once tore a part of his own turban and bandaged the young man's wound.

"Who are you?" asked the king.

"I am what I am," replied the young man in a faint voice. His face was half covered and the king could not see him properly.

But the young man sprang

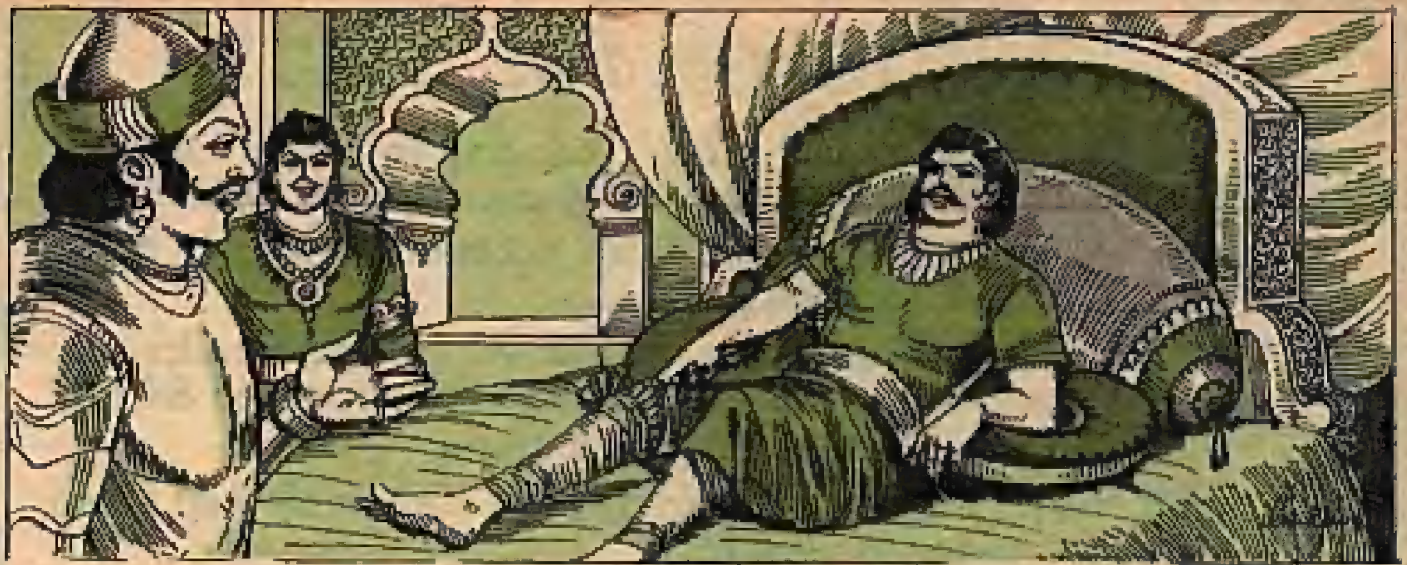
to his feet after a while and jumped onto his horse and galloped away.

The king had to pass a few hours in the battlefield, deciding about the prisoners and making arrangements for the governance of the neighbouring land the chief of which had become his prisoner. It was night when he returned to his palace.

"Father, you bandaged your son-in-law's wound with a piece from your own turban!" exclaimed the princess.

Only then the king had a closer look at Somu. He realised that the mysterious young man was none other than his own son-in-law.

The vampire paused for a moment and then asked in a challenging tone, "Tell me, O King, why did Somu wish to avoid marrying the princess even after winning the contest? Why did he wish to keep his identity a secret even after the victory? Is it because he was rather foolish? Or, was it to create a sensation at the end? What did his reply to the king's question signify? Answer my questions if you can. Your head shall roll off your shoulder if you choose to keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers!"



King Vikram replied at once: "Somu was far from being foolish. He was a young man who knew how to remain calm in the face of either public acclaim or condemnation. He knew that his success as a suitor was due to the blessings of the goddess. The crowd and the king mistook him as a prince because of his glittering dress. He was not willing to take advantage of their illusion.

"Needless to say, he had slipped into the forest, while going to the battlefield, for gett-

ing the blessings and the necessary dress and a powerful horse from the goddess. He knew that the victory was due to the goddess, and not due to his personal strength. That is why, when asked who he was, he replied that he was what he was. In other words, the victory had not changed the fact that he was a humble young man of peasant stock."

As soon as the king finished giving the reply, the vampire, along with the corpse, slipped off his shoulder.

This is to remind our readers that the entries they send either for the Photo-Caption Contest or the Story-Title Contest must be per post-card alone and not by any other means, envelope or inland letter card.

Secondly, entries for the two competitions must come separately—not by the same post-card.

We will not be surprised if our judges consider the violation of these principles as disqualifications.

—Publisher

GREATER OF THE TWO!

Indra, the King of Gods, and God Saturn once debated between themselves as to who was greater of the two.

"I am greater than you, it goes without saying, I, being the King of Gods!" asserted Indra.

"All, including Gods, are afraid of coming under my influence. Hence I am greater than you," announced Saturn.

"I am not afraid of you!" said Indra.

"Well, then, I will take hold of you tomorrow and teach you a lesson!" snapped Saturn.

Next day, before it was morning, Indra entered a forest and hid in order to foil Saturn's plan to take hold of him. When the day was over he emerged from the forest triumphant and told Saturn, "Admit that I am greater than you, for, you could not take hold of me!"

"Admit that I am greater than you, for, being afraid of me, you, the King of Gods hid in the forest!" retorted Saturn.

Indra kept quiet.

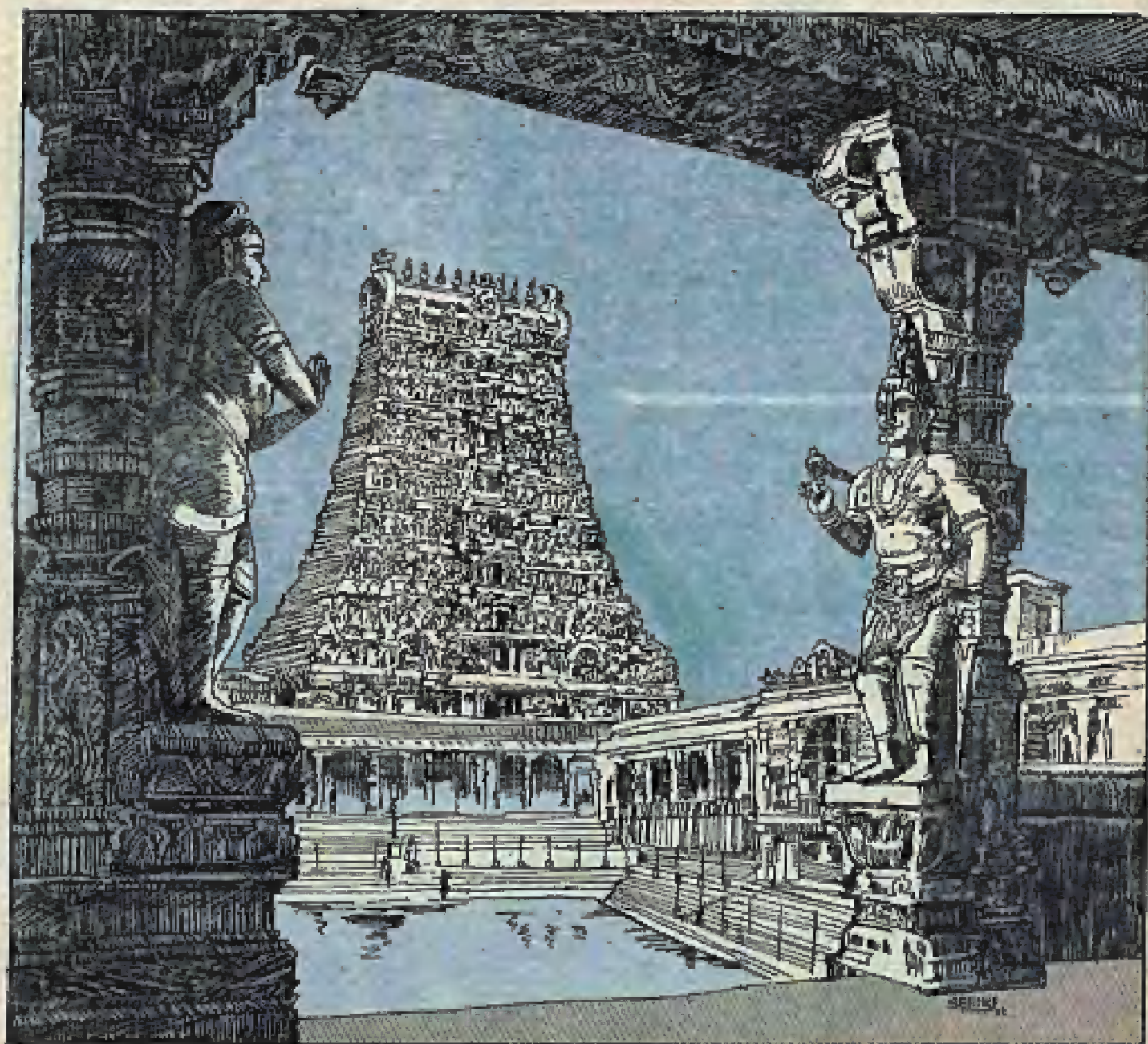


THE MEENAKSHI TEMPLE OF MADURAI

Madurai, perhaps the most ancient city of South India, has grown around the great temple of Goddess Meenakshi.

The temple dates back to the earliest Pandyan times, although the greater part of the building was destroyed by Malik Kafur when he invaded Madurai in 1310. In sixteenth century King Viswanatha Naik began rebuilding the destroyed parts.

There are nine beautiful *gopurams* or gateways around the shrines of Meenakshi and her consort, Lord Sundareswara. But most striking are the four outer *gopurams*, each one standing on 60-foot high single stones serving as door posts. They are exquisitely sculptured.



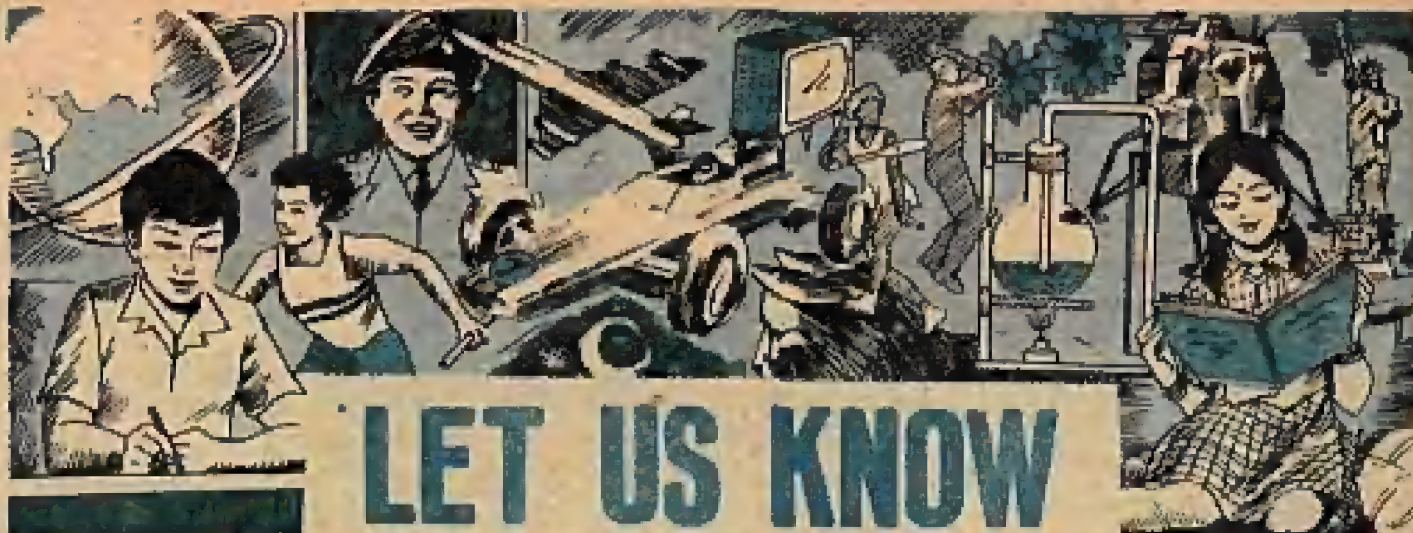
MEET MRS. HORSE!

We knew of a bright boy (he has since grown up to be a brighter young man) who was once guiding some guests through the compound of his father's house. He led them into the stable and said, "This is our horse." Then, showing the other animal by its side, said, "This is Mrs. Horse."

The guests were a serious lot. They did not laugh. But we can never be sure of all the guests. Better we are sure of the different names used for the male, the female and the young of the various animals:

Animal	Male	Female	Young
Ass	Jackass	Jenny	Foal
Bear	He-Bear	She-bear	Cub
Cat	Tom	Tabby	Kitten
Cattle	Bull	Cow	Calf
Chicken	Rooster	Hen	Chick
Deer	Stag	Hind	Fawn
Dog	Dog	Bitch	Pup
Duck	Drake	Duck	Duckling
Goat	Billy-goat	Nanny-goat	Kid
Goose	Gander	Goose	Gosling
Horse	Stallion	Mare	Foal
Lion	Lion	Lioness	Cub
Sheep	Ram	Ewe	Lamb
Swan	Cob	Pen	Cygnets
Swine	Boar	Sow	Piglet
Tiger	Tiger	Tigress	Cub





LET US KNOW

How did the 1st of May came to be known as Labour Day?

L. Obalappa, Bombay.

"Yesterday, being the 1st of May, a number of persons went into the fields and bathed their faces with the dew on the grass with the idea that it would render them beautiful."

This is an extract from a report published in a London newspaper in 1791. This practice of applying morning dew to the face may be a superstition, but the fact that it was done on the 1st of May is significant. In a country of cold climate the beginning of May was perhaps a most welcome event. In mediaeval England it was observed as a holiday and people went festive or "a-Maying" ! As the poet Robert Herrick (1591-1634) wrote :

*"Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying."*

It was the Second Socialist International Congress held in Paris in 1889 which took the decision to observe the 1st of May as the labour Day. The working class people all over the world were asked to demonstrate their solidarity on this day through processions, meetings, etc. It is difficult to say to what extent the selection of 1st of May as Labour Day was influenced by the traditional holiday spirit with which the day was associated.

In several countries the 1st of May is an official holiday. Labour organisations use the day to focus the society's attention on the problems of the working class.

(Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.)

**CHOOSE A TITLE
AND
WIN A REWARD**

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story Title Contest', Chandamama, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras 600 026, to reach us by the 20th of May. A reward of Rs. 25.00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the July '78 issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the Photo-Caption Contest.)



In a certain kingdom there was no sufficient rain for two years. The crop failed.

There was a wealthy landlord who had a large store of rice. People went to him for borrowing rice. The landlord went on distributing the rice till his stock lasted and to each borrower he said, "Return the rice the day the king dies."

Soon the prince heard this strange condition made by the landlord. Furious, he got the landlord arrested and threw him into the prison. In a huff he went to the king and reporting the matter to him, said, "A fellow who is eagerly looking forward to your death deserves to be hanged!"

The king hurried to the prison and got the landlord released and hugged him. To the surprised prince, he then said, "This gentleman is the best of my well-wishers. His borrowers, knowing that they have to repay their loans upon my death, would pray for my long life. In fact, they would wish me to be immortal so that they were not required to pay back their loans. My boy, use your intelligence with greater care!"

Result of Story Title Contest held in March Issue

The Prize is awarded to :

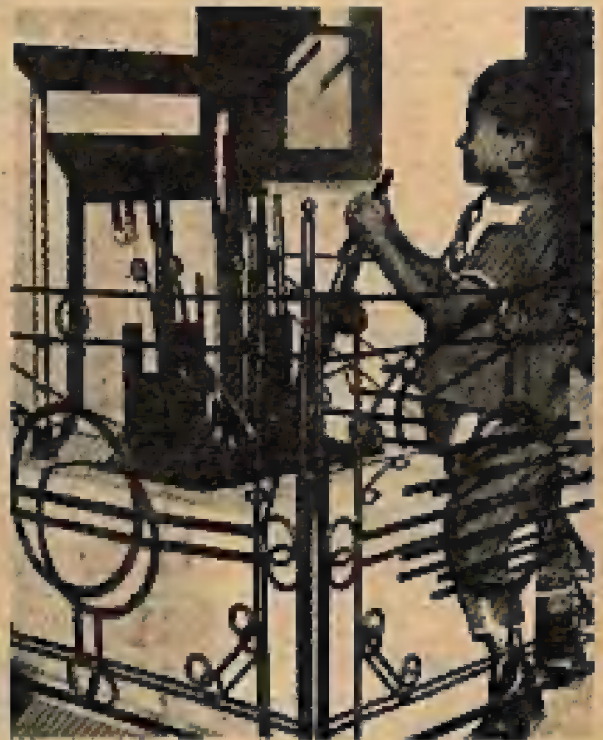
Sri Bhagwan V. Lachhani,

6/B Pushtikar Society, Jogeshwari (West)

Bombay 400 060.

Winning Entry—'ROYAL FANTASY'

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Prasad

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 25 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th MAY
- Winning captions will be announced in JULY issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to :

**PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS - 600 026**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in March Issue

The Prize is awarded to :

Mr. P. J. N. Naidu,

Thermolab Glass Products Limited,

Chinchwad, Akurdi, Pune 411 019.

Winning Entry — 'Vivacious Portrayal' — 'Innocent Betrayal'

PUZZLE TIME

Find out nine British wild animals which are shown in this picture.



ANSWERS : Owl: Stoat: Mole: Hedgehog: Lizard: Squirrel: Fox: Rabbit: Mouse.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



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'Mmm. Groovy taste!'



Creative Unit 3455

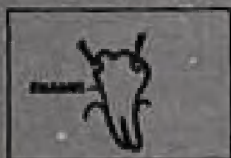
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